

Hafsah!

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DARUSSALAM

“Hmm....do I want to?...no...not that one. I wonder if mom will get upset if I...” Hafsah squiggled and twisted in her mother’s arms. Hafsah’s mom gave her the “I’m warning you” look and Hafsah considered, “Should I let her put that dress on me or should I run?” She gave one last squirm and her mother lost her grip. Hafsah ran.

But she didn’t get past the dresser in her room that was next to the closet where she had been getting ready for her first day of kindergarten. “Umph!” her mom scooped her up and hauled her back to the closet.

“Hafsah!” her mom said through gritted teeth and stared at her. She didn’t look happy.

“Uh oh” thought Hafsah, “that’s that look mama gives me when I’m in supper big trouble.” Hafsah plopped herself



down on the bed and let her mom put the horrible terrible yucky ucky ikky pink dress, that she had tried her best to ruin last Eid, on her. Her mom beamed and looked at Hafsah as if she were the prettiest girl she had ever seen.

“Hafsah! You are the prettiest little girl I have ever seen, *masha’ Allah!*” her mom practically squeaked.

Hafsah gave up. She knew there was no way she was getting out of that dress now. Her mom was doing the happy squeaky voice thing, she was doomed.

